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I N
M E M O R Y
Of Our Late
Most Gracious Lady,
MARY
Queen of *Great-Britain, France,*
and Ireland.
A
P O E M.

By Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS.

L O N D O N,
Printed for John Harris, at the Harrow in the
Poultry. MDCXCV.

MEMORY

OF OUR LATE

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POEM

By Mr. JOHN R. HARRIS.

LONDON:

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City of London.

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Of Our Late

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M A R Y

Queen of *Great-Britain, France,*
and Ireland.

I Would begin, but know not how;
The Subject's Great, tho' vail'd with Sorrow now;
Since Death, that only cou'd,
Has lay'd the Illustrious Theam so low.
We grant howe're Distinction still in Dust;
For future Ages, as a Sacred Trust,
In Veneration to the Grave allow'd,

B With

With Sumptuous Mausoleum's hid, it lies;

Yet still the poor unhappy Mortal dyes.

Unfortunate Race of proud Mankind !

By an eternal Doom, o're all Impartial,

To a few Years of crazy Life confin'd,

And only in their primitive Dust Immortal !

As if no other way could have been found

For Nature's Wheel to have turn'd round.

When this same Nature, that in Time's Abyss

Long had drowsie lain before,

Rouz'd into Action by a greater Power,

First warmly brooded o're the Pregnant Mass,

And all the World was perfected in Man,

She Step-dame turn'd, and would not Life bequeath,

But on strict Terms to have it back again.

That was but lent, She cry'd, and streight ordain'd

Her grand Plenipotentiary Death,

Her Debt with utmost Rigour to demand.

Nor Prince nor Peasant spare, said she,

No Age or Sex, no Title or Degree.

And

And least the Task should be too great for One,
 Gave him a Train of numerous Diseases,
 From which in vain the silly Fugitives run
 To lonely Rocks, and distant Wildernesses.
 Death searches every Nook and every Hole
 From the Antarctic to the Artic Pole,
 And the magnificent Structure, Body and Mind,
 First rais'd by Gods in Council join'd,
 In dreary Darkness lays, tho' we are safely bold,
 And hope, we shall once more a brighter Light behold.

To these harsh Laws subjected fell *Great-Britain's* QUEEN;
 Too good to Dye, had She not mortal been.
 The Phoenix of Her Age : Thrice happy I'll,
 If such another from her Funeral Pile
 Might have renew'd the Glory of her Throne.

Let Ancient Story lasting Altars raise
 To Chast *Zenobia*, or *Drusilla's* Praise ;
Drusilla, She who by *Augustus* side
Jove's Themis and his *Metis* both supply'd ;

Let Modern Records tell who loud Encomiums won
 For single Vertues found distinct in every One;
 Here Heav'n's Perfections all in full-Resort
 Kept both a Sacred and a Splendid Court
 All center'd in our **QUEEN**, Earth's Admiration,
 As many Stars make up one Constellation.
 She was the Goddess in her towering Sphere,
 The rest but Demi-Goddesses to Her.

The Best of *Queens*, the Best of *Wives*, the Best of *Friends*;
 For Friend and Wife, if not reciprocally,
 The Tye dissolves, and the Relation ends.

Thus piously instructed, She,
 When the Chief Master of the Family,
 (A Family no less then Three wide Realms,
 And yet but one continu'd Household all)
 Waging Just Wars abroad, exchang'd soft Ease
 And Conjugal Delights for Martial Toil,
 To stem th'Invasion that all *Europe* overwhelms,
 She, the Indulgent Mistress, all the while,
 At home kept all in Order, all in Peace ;

And

And the vast Household liv'd releas'd from Fear,
 O'reshadow'd by her Providential Care.
 While She, from *Dover-Cliffs* to distant *Thule*,
 By One Obeying, Millions learnt to Rule.
 Like *Cynthia* thus, the farther from her Sun,
 She still more brightly and more dazling shon.
 Had *Salem's* King, for Wisdom so Renown'd,
 Been now alive, with all his Glory Crown'd,
 Excited by her Fame alone,
 He would have left *Judea's* pompous Throne,
 And to this Wonder of her Sex have pay'd
 The Visit which to Him *Sabeen* Princess made.

Dost thou not, Nature, now repent
 Thy Primitive Rigour, and Austere Decree
 That blinded Fate, and laid that strict Restraint
 On Death inexorable made by Thee?

Permit Us to accuse thy Conduct, Thou
 That to Harts and Ravens odly dost allow
 Long Useless Life ; but to a narrow Span
 Hast warp'd the Days of the World's Sov'raign, Man.

In this more cruel, and th' unequal Friend
 Of thy lov'd Darling dire Mortality,
 That still the Vertuous soonest meet their End.
 The gaudy Morfels they, cull'd out by Death,
 His Taft to pamper and perfume his Breath
 When over-glutt'd with the vulgar Fry.

Yet Heaven is surely their design'd Abode :
 Could there no other way to Heaven be found,
 But through the Grave, and Darknefs under Ground ?
 'Tis fomewhat hard, if Mortals might complain,
 And Man be the inferiour World's proud Sovereign,
 That Nature should his Kingship thus controul,
 For him to want the poor Prerogative,
 'That Vertue should not always Vice out-live.
 Soonest !----- and that renews our juft Complaints,
 That Heav'n shou'd be so eager that abounds in Saints.
 Had she prolong'd her Days, and walk'd with God;
 Or in a fiery Chariot shun'd the common Road,

We never had repin'd

To see th' Anointed Union broke :

But to be swept away among the Vulgar Croud,

That

That makes us 'wail the fatal Stroke,
 And want of Heav'n's Exemption, twice so kind,
 Yet all the while to only Two confin'd.

But whether rambles my Enthusiast Muse?
 Oh--- Grief's a Phrensie, frequently transcends
 Those Bounds which only Rapture can excuse,
 And oft in vain with Fate and Heav'n contends.
 Thus argu'd the *Chaldean* deep and loud,
 Tho' otherwise for Patience so renown'd,
 When by the Burthen of his Anguish bow'd.

Then Grief retire, thou hast thy Tribute duly paid;
 The rest in Annual Rites must be display'd;
 For when a Saint like ours to Heaven ascends,
 Grief stays below, —————
 And only Joy the Seraphim attends.
 Our Tears on Earth to certain Measures are restrain'd;

For should our long excessive Moans,
 Like *Niobe* congeal us into Stones,

No Mortal yet e'er saw restor'd
 What the relentless Grave has once devour'd.

Thus Thirty Days————

In *Moab's* Plains by their loud Grief detain'd

The Sacred Host of *Israel* wept

When their Divine Commander slept,

And *God* conceal'd Their Captain, and his Friend.

————'Tis but Self Int'rest still

With grudging Tears to wail Her endless *Gain*,

While only we deplore the Loss our Selves sustain.

For now;————

Our Saint ere this, in Bright Seraphick State,

Has made her publick Entry through the *Jasper Gate*,

Where she through Walls of vast *Transparent Gems*,

And Starry Lustre into Treffes curl'd,

Looks down with Pity on the Wicked World.

Vouchsafe a Royal Saint an Apotheosis

So just to be allow'd as this.

For why should gaudy Superstition claim

The Keys of *Paradice*,

And real Sanctity not have the same,

Or

Or Greater Privilege to Canonize ?
 She wore a Crown on Earth ; Who can surmise
 That she should lose her Crown by going to Heav'n ?
 Nor would the Question be too closely driv'n,
 Where the Effects of Prayer to Saints would fall,
 Should *Rome* on Hers, we on Our *MART* call.

Now Towing Muse descend again,
 And to the cheared World explain
 Th' Enigma of our Joy and Sorrow Subaltern,
 So blended, that at once we both Rejoice and Mourn.
 We thought th' Omnipotent at first provok'd,
 And our Disaster with Impatience brook'd,
Britannia languishing with Arms across
 To see her Welfare weltring in her Loss.

But then, Fresh Joys Arriv'd,
 Finding Victorious *WILLIAM* still surviv'd,
 And to his Peoples Hearts more closely joyn'd,
 By New Espousals of Address'd Affection.

D

Britannia

Britannia then, ———

Acknowledg'd Heav'n less Angry and more Kind,

The more she stood in need of Heav'n's Protection.

Long may He be, still Arm'd in our Defence,

The Care of wakefull Providence.

And long may be his Martial Flame

The Terrour of proud *Bourbon's* Hated Name.

For Mighty Works, and Wonderfull Events,

Heav'n still prepares Heroic Instruments.

Him all Men grant the Instrument prepar'd,

And by the *Gallick Titan* only fear'd.

Should His Support, by Prudence Fortunate,

Once fail the Common Cause, I dread the Fate

Of *Europe* all into Confusion hurl'd,

Like the Unbolted Frame of the Dissolving World.

But This our Hope, and This our Joy sustains,

Tho' *MART's* gone, yet *WILLIAM* still remains.

F I N I S.

